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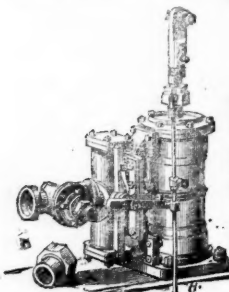
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REVIEWS.

"*Handel Studies*" By Henry F. Chorley—Nos. 1 and 2 (Augener and Co.)—To resume. Here is a definition, which, at first sight, may pass for profound, but on examination will be found a common-place in new wrappings:—

"Prelude may imply simply preparation—not table of contents. An overture may be curtain music;—not the argument of the coming tragedy."

The critic who detected a superabundance of "a's" in the opening of Tasso's *Jerusalem*, might—if sufficiently schooled in the English tongue to understand English fine writing—have "made mince-meat" of the above. He would, doubtless, at once have fastened on the following:—"May imply simply." First he would have objected to too many "y's" (may imply simply); then to each "y" occurring at the end of a word; then to the alternate "ply's" (imply simply); and lastly to the "imply's" (imply simply)—condemning the whole as *cacophonous*. But—ever unmerciful when in the mood for dissecting—François Aronet would not have stopt here. On the contrary, he would have questioned the vagueness of arrangement which, admitting a meaning, offered a choice of two, with argument of equal force for either. "*Prelude* may imply simply preparation—not table of contents." In other words, table of contents may not imply simply preparation, though prelude may. "*An overture* may be curtain music;—not the argument of the coming tragedy." In other words, the argument of the coming tragedy may not be curtain music, though an overture may. The *vice-versa* of course holds in both instances; but Mr. Chorley means quite a different thing, and should, therefore, have expressed himself differently.

Not even here would the Frenchman have stopt. "*Prelude*," he would have urged, was no more to be confounded with "table of contents" than preface with index. "*An overture*," though ever so much "the argument of the coming tragedy," must still be "curtain-music," since it is played before the curtain.

To recapitulate:—Having shown that the three successive "y's" ("may imply simply") were bad; the two successive "ply's" ("imply simply") worse; and the "imply's" ("imply simply") worst, and thus established a charge of *lese-harmonie*; having demonstrated that the sentences under examination each bore literally two significations, neither being the signification intended, and thus justified an accusation of inability on the part of the author to "*imply simply*" what he meant; having explained that "*Prelude*" could not, under any circumstances, be confounded with "table of contents," and thus caught our "Student" in the act of demolishing a mare's nest;* having pointed to the fact that, though "curtain-music" need not be "the argument of the coming tragedy," if the said "argument" is an overture it must of necessity be "curtain-music," and thus proved the author's incompetency to apply the adage, "A mare is a horse, but a horse is not a mare;" having done all this, to his own entire satisfaction, Voltaire would, peradventure, have been content, and stroked his chin? Not a bit of it. He would have written out the sentences again, turned them backwards and forwards (as Yellowplush turned the verses of Sir Bullwig), scrutinised them with his spider's eyes, gauged them with his intellectual feelers—slender as a fly's tongue, sharp as the sting of a hornet, exquisite as an alder-

man's tooth—and eventually discovered a semi-colon too much or too little:—

"Prelude may imply simply preparation—not table of contents. An overture may be curtain music (:)—not the argument of the coming tragedy."

Why the semicolon after "curtain-music?" There is none after "preparation." Or why no semicolon after "preparation?" There is one after "curtain-music." Even in punctuation the author of *Handel Studies* is capricious. "To carry out the whimsey"—his periods are so contrived as to render his prose either pointless or hyperpointed.

Thus might have argued, sourly, the keen-eyed wizened Gaul. All we dare hint is this:—in his defence of the overture to the *Messiah* (which no one in the world has ever dreamt of attacking) Mr. Chorley wishes to explain that some overtures (those to *Der Freischütz* and *Masaniello* for examples) contain themes and subordinate passages afterwards used in the operas, while others (those to *Figaro* and the fourth and last *Fidelio* for examples) do not; and that the overture to *The Messiah*, being of the latter category, is not to be impeached on that account. But, even with a truism to cite, the author of *Handel Studies* cannot talk as ordinary mortals, but must dress it up after a manner peculiar to himself, trenching on paradox, or coquetting with obscurity. As, for instance, in allusion to Gluck's recitative:—

"But if the nature and properties of great musical Recitative be well studied, we shall find that the cadences, the employment of varied and expressive intervals, the play given to the voice of the declaimer therein make a foundation on which a melody can almost always be raised. Let any one curious on the subject, study the recitatives of Gluck, and there will be found throughout them, those large and clear and vocal phrases, which, by the exercise of a certain sleight of hand, may be arranged as rhythmical airs."

"By the exercise of a certain sleight of hand," the above could (perhaps) be "*arranged as*" intelligible prose. Mr. Chorley means to say that the recitatives of Gluck are so full of melodious passages, that they might easily be turned into "rhythmical airs;" but he overlooks the fact that all melody is not necessarily set forth in precisely measured phrases, and that these very parts of Gluck's recitative which, "by a certain sleight of hand," he would convert into "rhythmical airs" are *rhythmical* of themselves, or they could not be *melodious*. The idea, too, of making what is already melodious the foundation upon which to raise a melody, is so absurd, that we were surprised to find it even in *Handel Studies*. The foundation of a melody is the *bass*, just as the base—not the windows, gable-ends, or ornamented cornices—must constitute the foundation of a temple.

Mr. Chorley holds the song, "But who may abide the day of his coming?" and the chorus, "He shall purify the sons of Levi," among "the less valuable parts" of *The Messiah*—"precisely," he adds, "because they are the most musically difficult." Waiving the point that they are not "the most musically difficult," this argument would be as windy and untenable as most arguments in the *Studies*. If the value of music were lessened by its difficulty, what would become of some of the first pieces in *Israel*, and indeed in the art? The chorus, "And with his stripes," is condemned as "a dry display of strict contrapuntal science, which can hardly have been written with any other purpose than to set some very difficult words, *by way of link*, betwixt the *largo*, 'Surely,' and the *allegro*, 'All we like sheep.'" Mendelssohn he adds, "would have called it *bitter*." Now we may safely urge that Mendelssohn would have done nothing of the sort. Rather

* Or, to use the words of the dwarf in *Micromégas*, "attrappée la nature sur le fait"—for the nature of Mr. Chorley is apparently to demolish mare's nests.

would he have smiled "bitter" at hearing such doctrine broached. Doubly "bitter" would have been the smile (or sneer) of the master, on being asked whether the words of "All we like sheep" were not "merely treated as a *solfeggio*, in a major key, by way of relief to the amount of sorrowful music that comes before and after them"! "Here"—continues Mr. Chorley, with an air of mock-modesty (not unusual)—"are mere suggestions, not solutions of what is a shortcoming, to be followed out by those who can search more deeply, and see more clearly than myself."

Assuming (which we may, without presumption) that we are in a position to do both, we shall, nevertheless—as the very humblest (no mock-modesty) of Mr. Chorley's superiors in depth of research and clearness of vision—decline the task, in the name and on the part of the whole countless host. "To follow out mere suggestions, not solutions," such as are found in every page of *Handel Studies*, would be waste of time and trouble, if for no other reason than that they are, for the greater part, nothing better than vague conceits.

AN "UNDERSTANDING" ANENT OUR MUSICAL "FUTURE."

(From the *Veinna* "Recensionen.")

I.

THE majority of our readers are, probably acquainted with the fact that, last month, a "Tonkünstler-Versammlung" (meeting of musicians) was convoked by the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and held at Liepsic. We did not, at first, consider ourselves called upon to investigate this musico-parliamentary proceeding, since it was only calculated to produce bad blood on both sides.

The *Neue Zeitschrift* however, headed its 24th number with the speech by which its editor, Herr Franz Brendel opened the meeting. In consequence of this, we feel bound to break silence.

The *Neue Zeitschrift* sends the speech in question into the world in order to "pave the way to an understanding." Politeness requires that we should endeavour to make our opponent comprehend how far an "understanding" is, for us, possible and desirable.

We may sum up our views by stating that either our opponent and ourselves have long been agreed without knowing it, inasmuch as the dispute has all been owing to a mere misunderstanding, or that we never shall be agreed, inasmuch as we can point to the perfectly distinct ends we have respectively in view.

"To clear up numberless misconceptions" is, according to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, "the first step towards an understanding."

After having, in the said speech, cast a retrospective glance, in a party spirit, on the foundation of the organ of his party, and on what has hitherto been done by that organ, the speaker comes to the question:

"Whether it is not now time to turn aside, and give a new direction to the matter . . . to take steps towards a reconciliation of the parties."

Of what kind are these steps to be?

In the first place, according to the *Neue Zeitschrift*, "measures ought to be adopted for the purpose of clearing up all misunderstandings."

Thus, for instance, speaking of Wagner, the *Neue Zeitschrift* says, "Wagner began with great roughness, and, in some of the things he said, went rather too far. It has not been observed, however, that in this course, and in this sense, not one of us completely agreed with Wagner, but that, on the contrary, we soon endeavoured to soften down his asperity, and do away with his exaggerations."

We request the *Neue Zeitschrift* to bear in mind that the only object criticism could have in view was to judge Wagner's operas, or musico-dramatic works, as such, and by the principles laid down in his writings. Whether these principles were softened down by others (but not by Wagner), was no affair of criticism. This softening down was only a corroboration of the expressed opinion of criticism. It was not against Wagner's talent, it was not against certain beautiful results of that talent, but only against the "roughness" and the "exaggerations" in question that critics rose. With regard to Wagner, there can scarcely be the slightest question of a misunderstanding. Wagner's operas, with their excellences and their faults, have obtained a place in the repertory of the "Present." Criticism blames in them a great deal,

and partly the same that it objects to in the operas of Meyerbeer.* Criticism, moreover, protests against the Wagnerian operatic system, in so far as it is intended to differ from that represented by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. There is nothing like an undervaluing or denial of Wagner. Both the public and the critics can, with a clear conscience, assert that they know how to appreciate his artistic productions, in spite of all that he and others have brought forward concerning them. This may be asserted especially of Vienna, while, as far as our paper is, still more especially, concerned, the *Neue Zeitschrift* itself, if it will only act frankly, must confess that our tone towards Wagner was invariably calculated to avoid "misconceptions," and pave the way to an "understanding."

"In the most extended public circles," says the *Neue Zeitschrift*, "the designation: 'surmounted point of view' (*überwundener Standpunkt*) furnished matter for dispute, and even excited attacks. All this was, however, attributable to misunderstanding, and the confusion of our opponents is alone to be blamed for the fact of a range, never intended by it, having been given to a simple phrase."

Concerning this simple phrase, which, when pronounced alone, possesses no sense, far less any importance or "range," it is evidently not worth while disputing. We have only to do with those definite instances, in which this designation was employed, and may, moreover, be so still, and to this point it is our intention to revert at some future occasion.

Our opponents confess to cases of exaggeration on their side, but hasten to retract this avowal by embellishing, in various ways, the course adopted by themselves. "Hot-headed young fellows," who kick over the traces, exist everywhere, and, for our own part, we are very much inclined to overlook many exaggerations in them, but not certain wanton boyish tricks, which, despite a tendency to exaggeration not to be denied, on our side as well, are not to be feared from our camp.

"If we investigate"—the *Neue Zeitung* proceeds to observe—"the causes of such misunderstandings, we must, almost exclusively, hold the opposite party responsible for them. They did not remark that a new great mental world was approaching, and, while they were asleep, had attained its development. Suddenly awoke, our opponents are still at sea; they have read too hastily; they have only half read some things and others not at all, and, therefore, cannot be reconciled to the stream of events."

In this, we are enabled to agree completely with the *Neue Zeitschrift*. It is true that we did not remark the "approach of the new great mental world;" nay, we are even more reprehensible and stupid; we still continue to remark nothing of its "approach." This is the very thing that causes the dissension between the opposite parties. We deny neither the possibility of advancement, of a further development, of a "new great mental world," nor do we deny that such a thing is desirable and should be promoted to the best of our ability. What we do deny, however, is the actual existence of such progress, and the possibility of ever bringing it about by selecting the "later Beethoven" as its "starting-point."† The "later Beethoven" is in our eyes a genial error, and the much praised works of the "new great mental world," which spring up on this dangerous ground, we consider in the light of aberrations, without any touch of geniality. It is only upon healthy soil, it is only on the road of idealized naturalness, and of characterisation, restricted by due limits and beauty of form, that a new epoch of art can begin, equal to that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. With regard to artistic individuality, it is not sharpness of intellect, amount of education, or the best intention, which turns the balance and stamps the master, but the special, and, in the present instance, specific musical talent required.

This is our confession of faith; our opponent may gather from it, far as it differs from his own, although clear and frank, how little calculated it is to give rise to any misunderstanding.

We will now see what value is to be attached to the other assertions advanced in the same speech.

II.

We have enunciated our own creed in the preceding chapter. Is it so diametrically opposed to the views and principles of the *Neue Zeitschrift*? Or is an approximation, an understanding possible?

* If Meyerbeer had not existed, Wagner would not have been heard of as a composer.—Ed. M.W.

† This we humbly think is what the Musicians of the Future mean by the word "*Ausgangspunkt*." But their phraseology is really so unintelligible, and they so pervert the original signification of words, that we are not prepared to take our oath we are right. "*Ausgangspunkt*" means also: "end, aim, conclusion." Let our readers choose.

TRANSLATOR.

This is a question exceedingly difficult to answer. There are moments when the *Neue Zeitschrift* appears to entertain very reasonable views, and be very moderate in its demands. Such is the case, for instance, when it observes: "People wish to maintain the Classical; they do not, however, consider it to consist merely of its true essentials, but also in the deficiencies peculiar to it; they wish to maintain these as well, because their glance does not penetrate deeply enough to enable them to recognise these deficiencies as such, and when we agree with them in the opinion that the olden time must, to a certain degree, always furnish the foundation and goal of musical education, they err in wishing to restrict too exclusively the latter to that time, while they ignore the undeniable benefits produced by modern times." This is very well, and, for our part, we are not aware of any objection to what is so reasonable. We have never restricted ourselves exclusively to the "Old" or "Classical; we have not misjudged the "New," as such, but rather sought to promote it. We have condemned and rejected it only when, in its details, or in its entire tendency, it was not in keeping with the laws of musical beauty or the fundamental rules of the art.

The suspicions directed by the *Neue Zeitschrift* against its opponents will not bear examination. They affect, at most, only individuals, and may, equally well, be directed against the party of the *Neue Zeitschrift* itself. Some among us may, certainly, be as little sincere in the veneration they manifest for the "Old," as those who embrace the cause of the "Music of the Future" in order to procure a larger field for their youthful exuberance, a more noisy support for their ambition, and, moreover, a "legal justification" of their poverty of musical ideas.

That many a prejudice obtains among us, and that there are unconditional adherents of classical music, who thunder away, with unbecoming vehemence, against everything new, is quite as true and quite as natural as that very many kick over the traces in the opposition camp. The only question at issue is whether the more sharp-sighted members of each camp sufficiently discountenance such exaggeration. The editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift* himself confesses, however, that that journal, "in a liberal spirit, as it thinks, has not always anxiously and squeamishly rejected every expression of opinion on the part of its contributors, which was, perhaps, rather too strong, and that, hence, there have been a few attacks which had better not have been made." Henceforth, however, we have to fear no more such attacks "At present," Dr. Brendel goes on to observe: "I have gained a deeper insight into matters, and a long and rich experience lies behind me. I thus know exactly what is to be done, and how it must be done; my motto is, therefore: An understanding with all unprejudiced persons, of course without prejudice to definiteness; but greater decision than hitherto against all who positively refuse to listen, and even now, after the hand of good feeling has been extended to them, continue to propagate suspicion and untruths!" We are curious to know who are those incorrigible persons, against whom still "greater decision" than ever is to be employed. This is not clearly stated in Dr. Brendel's speech, but, after this menace, which also probably appeared necessary to clear up all misconception, and pave the way for an understanding, the speaker proceeds at once to the "Positive," which he terms "the centre of his efforts." But we will let him speak for himself.

At present, he informs us, he can "only lay down the principle." "This, to express it briefly, is: rationalism for the former naturalism; consciousness for instinct; the intellectual instead of the sensual side, and what is characteristic instead of mere formal beauty. In our days, the material thing is a thinking comprehension of art. For all this, however, the instinctive side is not to be excluded; this unconscious side is the permanent basis of all artistic creation. But, at present, theoretical and æsthetic consciousness, elucidating and clearing up the subject, shall be added, and artistic production shall display both these sides equally, while, formerly, the naturalistic one was unmistakably predominant. Even the great masters of the Past, were not, by any means, mere unthinking naturalists; the greater the natural power—the unconscious side—is, the more elevated, and the more mighty does the intelligence prove, at all times and at all epochs. But historical progress in artistic development consists, despite this, more specially in the fact that the conscious side forces its way out more and more, so that former creations, viewed from a later stage, invariably appear naïve. This is apparent—to adduce a few examples—in the much more correct treatment of the vocal part in vocal music, a circumstance of extraordinary importance, and, in purely instrumental music, in the removal of the mould (Schablone), in rendering the form independent of the matter. With regard to the harmonic element, the first thing in olden times was, instead of rude nature, to discover the laws of musical harmony (Wohllklang). Hence the many restrictions and prohibitions. After this has long been attained, we have reached the point when we are able, knowingly, to give the pre-

ponderance to the Ideal, naturally with a partial recognition of the former foundations, in such a manner, that is to say, that every epoch is relatively right."

It is a characteristic mark of all the musical manifestoes of our opponents, that those manifestoes always contain as little as possible about music. The gentlemen have so plunged into philosophical formulae, and the consideration of artistically historical points, that they have completely forgotten the real, practical, and, we might say, tuneful (tönende) side of music, or, in other words, the principal feature. Out of an art they would fain make a science. They want to settle questions of art by philosophical axioms. Considering this peculiarity, the explanation we have just quoted entire is tolerably clear and practical. It is, however, another peculiarity of our opponents that they feel really at home only in the mystic obscurity of their philosophemes. As soon as they tread on practical ground, or actually—horrible dicta—are obliged to speak of music itself, they advance to meet us; they make, consciously or unconsciously, concessions to the incontrovertibly "permanent" foundations of the art, or lose and entangle themselves in contradictions, out of which they cannot so easily find their way. We have no objection to offer to what we have quoted above, as long as the speaker treats the subject generally. If he simply acknowledges that "the instinctive, unconscious side is the permanent basis of all artistic creation," we are contented—for, on this point, we require no more than this acknowledgment. It is precisely this "unconscious side," which, in our eyes, constitutes the special natural gift, creative power, talent, and we live in the conviction that nothing great and beautiful can be produced, when this talent is either altogether wanting, or repressed by the "conscious side," by "thinking comprehension," or by "self-consciousness" and reflection. If both forces are equally balanced, it may do, and we willingly take the same view as our opponents, if they mean nothing else. If we examine, however, more nearly how much that is practical is contained in the extracts we have given, we must deny that the treatment of vocal music is more correct than formerly. Quite the contrary, for it is an essential fault of most modern composers, that they subject the human voice to fests to which it is not equal, and, generally, write either what is absolutely unmelodious, or melodies adapted for the violin or pianoforte, and not for the throat of a man or woman. Furthermore, we are inclined to think that the so-called "removal of the mould" (in instrumental music) is pushed to some slight excess by the adepts of the "Music of the Future," that there is, after all, something beautiful in the "laws of musical harmony," which was the first thing in the "olden time;" that it would in no way injure our young musicians first to pay attention to these laws; and that, finally, the lauded process of "rendering the form independent of the matter" excites all kinds of doubt in our minds. For what does the *Neue Zeitschrift* call the matter of a musical work? It does not mean, we presume, after the "antiquated" manner, the purely musical, or, to speak plainly and openly, melodic matter?

What the *Neue Zeitschrift* goes on to assert, in favour of its party, concerning "the consequences" of what has been said, "towards the practical side," is, on this occasion, especially in the "speech," so set before us that we are free to confess we agree with it almost entirely. The *Neue Zeitschrift* wishes to bring about such a state of things, "that an organisation of musical matters founded upon artistic principles shall take the place of what has been accidentally produced." With this we agree. Among other topics mentioned as desirable we have "the better composition of concert programmes" (good); "the adoption of what is new, without the neglect of what is old" (very good). "A system of arrangement in which a leading idea is manifested, in contradistinction to the old jog-trot course;"—agreed. "Then, again, and just in the same way, we require theatrical reforms, improvement of musical instruction, a further development of musical educational establishments and conservatories, according to modern principles"—good, very good; we perfectly agree with all this—provided that, in the application of these fine ideas, our views do not differ too much.

The *Recensionen* has always regarded the attainment of the above objects as its great end. Never, in any way, has the *Recensionen* paid homage to retrogression, or, which is the same thing, to a state of stand-still. The progressive development of musical matters and institutions, on a sound, practical basis, has always been urged, and, as far as lay in our power, promoted by us; in this we were, at least, as liberal as the *Neue Zeitschrift*; nay, we were more liberal, because we were not one-sided. Never has it entered our head to censure a work simply because it emanated from an adherent of the Leipzig-Weimar party. But, it is true, our progressive impulse was never so strong as, simply for the sake of the "new great mental world," or

from the need of an "artistic palingenesis" to perceive talent where none existed.

The *Neue Zeitschrift* then discusses also the following point: "Whether those works, in which it sees its principles realised, are, through their own value, really adapted to serve as practical demonstration of the said principles." "Persons may"—continues the *Neue Zeitschrift* very justly—"agree in the recognition of the principles, and yet entertain doubts as to the application of them in the concrete." The *Neue Zeitschrift* refers us to "all that has been published by it for some years;" the grand thing, at present, it thinks is: that the difference of opinion on the works results, principally, from the "want of intimate knowledge of them;"—"this," the *Neue Zeitschrift* goes on to say: "is the principal point of our demands with regard to new works our perfectly harmless request is simply that room should be made for the works of the Present, but without the slightest detriment to what is old, for there is not the remotest intention of supplanting the latter. Thus, in the first place, there can be no question of a struggle. It is only when light and air are begrudged us; and when perfectly just claims meet with opposition, that a struggle bursts forth, and it is not very surprising if, finally, in the face of continued opposition, no quarter is shown."

This sounds, truly, "harmless" enough. The *Neue Zeitschrift* grants that people may entertain the most liberal principles and yet doubt the artistic value of certain works. This is decidedly the case with us. But that these doubts result principally from the fact that people are too little acquainted with the works in question is rather too bold an assertion—an argument of which every bungler might avail himself for his own profit and advantage, and the injury of the public. That a fair chance and proper consideration are due to the works of the Present, and that every honest aspiration is entitled to "light and air," is our opinion as well as that of others, and if the "harmless" wishes of the *Neue Zeitschrift* extend no further, it must acknowledge us as allies, without first requiring to "pave the way" to an understanding. But the difference between us has hitherto been that we claim the right of consideration for the works of the Present without distinction of school, style, &c., while the *Neue Zeitschrift*, on the other hand, requires especial allowances to be made for a certain number and species of works; after carefully hearing such works, we desire to judge them by the æsthetic standard that has hitherto obtained; the *Neue Zeitschrift*, however, after condemning us to listen, would deprive us of all right of pronouncing a judgment, since it sets up a completely new standard for forming an opinion of new works. We cannot agree to this, however, for if every work brings its own point of view (*Standpunkt*) and standard, by which it is to be judged, nothing is any longer good or bad, but everything, in its way, entitled to exist; every æsthetic decision is abolished, every artist suffices for himself, every so-called work of art is a Whole included in itself, that can oppose the unfavourable judgment of criticism by saying, "I suffice for myself, and only those who understand can judge me; only those who love can understand me; only those who think themselves, who feel themselves, who stand upon my point of view, within the scope of my mode of looking at the world"—and Heaven knows how much more in the peculiar style of our opponents—"can love me." The difference, consequently, is as follows: We advocate the rights of the Present, without prejudice to what is old, while our opponents, on the contrary, partly in the pay of a coterie, and partly—as far as regards those who speak truly from conviction, like the editorial staff of the *Neue Zeitschrift*—in the service of exclusive ideas, not only disparage what is old, but, by idolising a small number of new works, injure the rest, or rather the whole of the productions of the Present. No one would object to their "harmless request;" no one begrudges them "light and air;" only we will not be the steps up which the idols of the moment shall climb into the temple, where they have no right.

Finally we have to consider a proposal perfectly unimportant in itself, to drop the name of "the Music of the Future," and to proclaim the works of Messrs. Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, and their disciples as the fruit of a "New German School." Herr Brendel evidently forgets that it was not he and his adherents who invented the names of the "Musicians of the Future," and the "Party of the Future." These designations, applied ironically to the Wagnerian theories, emanated from the first opponents of the Wagnerian propaganda; they have since become popular, and their disuse does not at all depend on the will of the party to whom they are applied.

It will be equally impossible for this party to appropriate to themselves and their productions the well-sounding title of the "New-german School," except, perhaps, in an ironical style. This "New-german," or "New German School" (between which Herr Brandel draws a sharp distinction) has not, in our opinion, much that is new or

much that is German; and, we hope, not much in the way of a school about it. The *Neue Zeitschrift* wastes a great many arguments to show how the Frenchman, Berlioz, and the Hungarian, Liszt, brought up as a Frenchman, stand at the head of the "Newgerman School." The difficulty, however, is not here; this, finally, is not the question; every name, every designation is, of itself, immaterial, as long as the special admirers and champions of any one particular tendency merely wish to link their own vanity with it.

But beyond this limited circle, there are very many other musicians, connoisseurs, and amateurs of music; there are a number of critics; there is the disinterested public; and lastly, in the far distance, there is Posterity, with its calmer but decisive sentence.

THE ACCIDENT TO M. ROGER, THE FRENCH TENOR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Constitutionnel* writes as follows concerning the amputation of the arm of Roger, the celebrated tenor:—

"To-day I can speak of nothing but the terrible accident which has occurred to Roger. I am still suffering from the effects of a scene as melancholy as any I have experienced. Roger, who with everybody is a great artist, is to me a friend and companion of twenty years' standing. That fatal Wednesday I was to have spent at his country house, Villers-sur-Marne. I had never been able to go once this year; and, as Roger was to leave for Baden at the end of the week, it had been agreed that my visit should not any longer be delayed. Just as I was about starting, a telegraphic message was put into my hands. It contained but these words:—'Roger has broken his arm. Come directly.' I jumped instantly into a cab, and drove to the Mulhouse railway station. The train had left, and there was none other until noon. The hour or two I had to wait passed with terrible slowness, but at last, about noon, I saw arrive at the station M. Huguier and M. Laborie, who are not only distinguished surgeons, but the intimate friends of Roger. They brought with them two assistants and all the necessary apparatus for operating or giving relief to the patient. They did not know much more of the circumstance than I did. They had heard that Roger whilst out shooting had met with an accident to his forearm, and that the wound was severe; but it might happen that the bone was not seriously injured, and the two doctors promised to employ every human means to save the arm of the artist.

"At one o'clock precisely we entered the long avenue leading to the Château la Lande. We traversed the great court; there reigned therein a silence that damped all favourable anticipation. We found the family in tears. Entering the chamber of poor Roger, who, pale but calm, was lying stretched on the bed; he bid me good morning in his ordinary tone of voice, and without the least appearance in his countenance of physical or moral suffering. 'I receive you,' said he, 'on a sad occasion; I dare not show you my poor arm; you would hardly bear the sight were you to remove those rags—it is something frightful to see.'

"I endeavoured to give him courage by assuring him that he was in the hands of distinguished medical men, who loved him as a brother, and who would save him. 'Ah,' he replied, 'it is not that I cannot bear the pain; but you who know me well can easily imagine what I most think of. When this morning I received in my arm the whole charge of my gun, I could not conceive that it was to me that this misfortune had happened. I walked along fancying I had some one else beside me, or some phantom repetition of myself. I imagined that, up to that moment, I had been dreaming, and that it was the false, the phantom Roger that was wounded; but, alas! the sight of you and the doctors reminds me of the sad reality.'

"I left him with the two surgeons, who, after minutely examining the wound, retired for consultation into another chamber. The serious expression of their countenances foreboded little hope. Madame Roger and all the inmates of the house were in the deepest affliction at the evidently serious nature of the accident to poor Roger, who is dearly beloved by every one who has had the happiness to approach him.

"At the end of about half-an-hour a domestic came and called me by name. I started, because the message, had it been favourable, would have been delivered to the family. The doctors, who were still in consultation, made me sit down beside them, and M. Huguier said to me, 'I am sorry such is the case, but our decision is taken. If the arm is not amputated immediately, we cannot answer for his life.' 'My God!' I said, 'for an artist that is worse than death.' 'No human power,' replied the doctor, 'can save his arm; there is not a vestige of the bone left; the flesh and muscles are so smashed, that mortification must set in from one moment to the other. There is no time for hesi-

tation; we will use chloroform; only we cannot commence the operation without his knowing what to expect on his return to his senses. On finding himself all at once mutilated, the shock would be fatal; he must be prepared to yield to this painful sacrifice.' I arose, without saying a word, and went to the bedside of the patient. He seemed to suffer less, and was less pale. I asked him if he felt thirsty, and, on his saying that he did, a sister of mercy gave him a spoonful of claret and water. Everyone then left the room, and, when we were alone, he turned towards me with a calmness that I will not say was stoical, but Christian, 'You have something to say to me,' said he; 'what is it?' 'My friend, I have but one word to tell you. Providence, who has permitted this trial, will give you courage to—' 'Ah, death!' said he, 'you see I am not the least moved. Tell them to send for a notary; I have a few matters to settle.' 'I give you my sacred word your life runs no risk; but—' He became pale. I had no need to say more; he had guessed the rest. 'Ah,' said he, sighing, 'I would have preferred death, but I have a wife and children; I must be resigned; tell these gentlemen I am ready.' He spoke with perfect calmness, and I recommended him to rest for a moment, and take a mouthful of cordial. He then said he felt better; and, after a few moments of silence, he asked me if I remembered how I used to joke about the verses, 'A heart to cherish, and an arm to defend her.' 'Well, the poet was quite right—an arm.' I implored him not to trouble his mind with such thoughts, and I began to brush away the flies that annoyed him. 'When I think,' he said, 'that some children amuse themselves in tearing away the legs of those little animals, poor little creatures, how they must suffer!' The remark pained me excessively, and he perhaps observed it, for, stretching out his left hand to me kindly, he said, 'You think, perhaps, I am over-excited; I assure you I have all my usual *sang froid*; but what are they doing? Tell them to make haste. Ah! I understand; they are sharpening their knives.' A gentle tap was heard at the door, and seven minutes afterwards all was over.

"Since the amputation Roger has said to me: 'My friend, this is not the worst I have had to suffer in the course of my artistic life. I have played many parts, and, generally speaking, in clothes that were not made for me, and that were too tight or too loose, and now! . . .'"

"—My dear Roger do not despair. Your misfortune is great, but there is no reason yet that you should renounce either art or the stage. Look you, if I were Scribe or Auber, Saint Georges or Halévy, I should be already at work, and I would create for you a part that would have some analogy with your present condition. There are not wanting materials. The young girls of Brescia have made a vow that they will marry only those wounded in the War of Independence. I have no occasion to enter into developments of plot. Suppose a *rolé* written expressly for you under present circumstances—suppose a work written by good authors and popular composers. You have at once 300 representations. All France and all Europe would desire to applaud you, and testify the interest they take in you."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LISZT AND CHOPIN.

(From Heine's Letters.)

Liszt stands nearest in affinity to Berlioz, and knows best how to execute his music. I need not tell you of his talent; his fame is European. He is unquestionably the artist, who in Paris finds the most unqualified enthusiasts, and at the same time the most zealous adversaries. It is a significant fact that no one speaks of him with indifference. Without positive force one cannot in this world excite either favorable or hostile passions. It takes fire to kindle men, whether to hatred or to love. What speaks the best for Liszt, is the entire respect with which even his opponents recognise his personal worth. He is a man of eccentric, but of noble character, unselfish, and with nothing false. His intellectual tendencies are in the highest degree remarkable; he has a great turn for speculation, and even more than the interests of his art do the investigations of the different schools, which occupy themselves with the solution of the great heaven and earth-embracing questions, interest him.

For a long time he felt a glowing interest in the beautiful Saint Simonian view of the world; afterwards the spiritualistic, or rather vaporistic, thoughts of Ballanche beclouded him; now he is an enthusiast for the republican-catholic doctrines of Lamennais, who has planted the jacobin cap upon the cross. . . . Heaven knows in what mental stable he will find his next hobby-horse! But this unweary thirst for light and deity is always praiseworthy; it shows his feeling for the holy, for the religious. That such a restless head, driven and perplexed by all the needs and doctrines of his time, feeling the necessity of troubling himself about all the necessities of humanity, and eagerly sticking his nose into all the pots in which the good god

brews the future—that Franz Liszt can be no still pianoforte player for tranquil townfolks and good-natured night-caps, is self-evident. When he sits down at the piano, and has stroked his hair back over his forehead several times, and begins to improvise, he often storms away right madly over the ivory keys, and there rings out a wilderness of heaven-high thoughts, amid which here and there the sweetest flowers diffuse their fragrance, so that one is at once troubled and beatified, but troubled most.

I confess to you, much as I love Liszt, his music does not operate agreeably upon my mind; the more so that I am a Sunday child and also see the spectres, which others only hear; since, as you know, at every tone, which the hand strikes upon the keyboard, the corresponding tone-figure rises in my mind; in short, since music becomes visible to my inward eye. My brain still reels at the recollection of the concert in which I last heard Liszt play. It was in a concert for the unfortunate Italians, in the hotel of that beautiful, noble and suffering princess, who so beautifully represents her material and her spiritual fatherland, to-wit, Italy and heaven. . . . (you surely have seen her in Paris, that ideal form, which yet is but the prison, in which the holiest angel soul has been imprisoned. . . . But this prison is so beautiful, that every one lingers before it as if enchanted and gazes at it with astonishment). . . . It was in a concert for the benefit of the unhappy Italians, when I last heard Liszt, last winter, play, I know not what, but I could swear he varied upon themes from the Apocalypse. At first I could not quite distinctly see them, the four mystical beasts; I only heard their voices, especially the roaring of the lion and the screaming of the eagle. The ox with the book in his hand I saw clearly enough. Best of all he played the valley of Jehoshaphat. There were lists as at a tournament, and for spectators the risen people, pale as the grave and trembling, crowded round the immense space. First galloped Satan into the lists, in black harness, on a milk-white steed. Slowly rode behind him Death on his pale horse. At last Christ appeared, in golden armour, on a black horse, and with his holy lance he first thrust Satan to the ground, and then Death, and the spectators shouted. . . . Tumultuous applause followed the playing of the valiant Liszt, who left his seat exhausted, bowed before the ladies. . . . About the lips of the fairest played that melancholy sweet smile. . . .

It would be unjust were I not to mention upon this occasion a pianist, who next to Liszt is the most celebrated. It is Chopin, who not only shines as a virtuoso by his technical perfection, but as composer too achieves the highest. That is a man of the first rank. Chopin is the favourite with that *élite* who seek the highest spiritual enjoyment in music. His fame is of the aristocratic sort, he is perfumed with the praises of good society, he is as *distingué* as he looks.

Chopin comes of French ancestors in Poland, and has enjoyed a part of his education in Germany. The influences of these three nationalities makes his personality a most remarkable phenomenon; in fact he has appropriated to himself the best, by which these three peoples are distinguished: Poland gave him her chivalrous sentiment and her historic grief; France gave him her easy elegance and grace; Germany, her romantic depth of feeling. . . . But nature gave him an elegant, slender, somewhat languishing form, the noblest heart, and genius. Yes, to Chopin one must accord genius in the full meaning of the word; he is not a mere virtuoso, he is also a poet; he can bring before our consciousness the poetry that lives in his soul; he is a tone-poet, and there is nothing comparable to the enjoyment he affords us when he sits at the piano and improvises. At such times he is neither Pole, nor Frenchman, nor German; then he betrays a far higher origin; then one perceives that he is sprung from the land of Mozart, Raphael, Goethe, that his true fatherland is the dream-land of poetry. When he sits at the piano and improvises, I feel as if a countryman were visiting me from my beloved home, and were telling me the most curious things which had come to pass there in my absence. . . . Many a time would I have liked to interrupt him with questions: And how is it with the beautiful Nixe (water nymph), who knew how to bind her silvery veil so coquettishly about her green locks? Does the white-bearded sea-god still keep persecuting her with his foolish and rejected love? Do our roses bloom in flame-like pride as ever? And do the trees still sing as exquisite by moonlight?

Ah! it is indeed now long that I have lived in foreign lands, and in my fabulous home sickness I often seem to myself like the Flying Dutchman and his shipmates, who are tossed about for ever on the cold waves, and who long in vain for the still quays, tulips, frays, clay pipes, and porcelain cups of Holland. . . . Amsterdam! Amsterdam! when shall we come back to Amsterdam! they sigh in the storm, while the howling winds continually hurl them back and forth upon the accursed billows of their watery hell. Well can I understand the agony

with which the captain of the doomed ship said once: If ever I get back to Amsterdam, I will become a stone there at any corner of a street, sooner than I will again leave the dear old city! Poor Vanderdecker!

I hope, dear friend, that these letters will find you bright and happy, in the rosy light of life, and that it will not be with me as with the Flying Dutchman, whose letters are directed commonly to persons, who during his absence, have long since been dead at home!

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Last Seven Nights of Mr. CHARLES KEAN'S Management.

MONDAY and during the Week, will be presented Mr. Lovell's play of *THE WIFE'S SECRET*, commencing at 7 o'clock. Sir Walter and Lady Anyot, by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean. To conclude with *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*. And on Monday, August 29th, (the last night of the season), which will conclude Mr. C. Kean's Management, *KING HENRY VIII.* will be performed, for which Boxes, Stalls, and places can now be secured at the Box Office.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIDELIO.—*The defect complained of by our fair correspondent is a most serious one, and, in nine cases out of ten, irremediable. The only remedy is constant practice, and the most unremitting attention to counting the time. This may, in some measure, repair the deficiency of nature, but a radical cure can never be accomplished.*

M. F. B.—*Cannot say. Correspondent should speak more plainly.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1859.

OLD Gloucester (Gloster—Gloucester)—grey old Gloucester—or, rather, brown old Gloucester—or, rather, whity-brown old Gloucester, still maintains its position among festival-giving cities. When people begin to forget it altogether; or to believe that the clash of Birmingham has stunned, the wool of Bradford smothered, or the smoke of Leeds stifled it; all of a sudden, it rears its head, and announces its music-meeting—its “one hundred-and-thirtieth,” or to that effect. Folk exclaim—“How now!—here is old Gloucester—old Gloucester! So then ‘old Double’ (Gloucester) is not dead.” Too true; there is old Gloucester, offering festival-tickets for sale with one hand, and soliciting alms for widows and orphans with the other.

It was no use saying *Requiescat in pace*, at the conclusion of the solemn ceremony of 1856; in 1859 the festival of Gloucester starts up again, erect and tall as the tower of its cathedral. Obstinate as Hereford, Gloucester will not be first to go to its long sleep; will not be first to wring a benediction from the jaded reporters, who—having commended the Italian Operas, the Hanover-square Rooms, St. James's Hall, St. Martin's Barn, and Exeter Hole, to the shades, at the end of the hot month of August—would fain pass the interval on a hill, in a wood, or by the edge of a water, until Mr. Harrison once more comes forth, to charm metropolitans with his mellifluous upper tones, perplex them with his adroit and well-poised trill. If Gloucester would only set the cheering example, the London critics would compose a history of its festival which should surpass in lore and length the venerable Book of Lysons, to some few of those ingenious gentlemen so familiar that, at a pinch, they could repeat it from end to end, by wrote—(“*Ante*”—*Athenæum*, page—vol—).

But no—the Gloucester Festival refuses to become a ghost, until Hereford and Worcester shall have cast off the flesh. The 136th meeting of the Three Choirs is to commence on Tuesday the 13th prox. One of the most simple, as one of

the most senile of its class, the Gloucester Festival still preserves the power of mumbling, and, like a garrulous old lady, insists on telling its stories for the 100th time. Mr. Secretary Brown, like the Ancient Mariner, seizes you by the button-hole, and, until he loosens his hold, you, unfortunate reporter, must hear his prolix tale, to the vicinitous accompaniment of the “loud bassoon,” and the bark of the Cerberus of Ciderland—Amott Donesmith (or, according to less reliable authorities, Arnott Dovesmith.) Unflinching Brown! Too booming bassoon! Unconscionable Amott (Arnott) Done (Dove) smith!

The inattentive reader will understand. *Inattentive*, we say, because at this period of the year—having within us the bowels of compassion that are lacking to Secretary Brown and Co.—we expect *no* attention, and should feel gratified rather than otherwise to believe, not so much that we were read without attention, as that we were totally *unread*. Thus should we be enabled to write more fearlessly—as Mr. Punch sends forth parliamentary essence at leisure, from the depths of his three-foot bath.

Yes—the 136th meeting of the choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford (lively, zealous, indefatigable halloosers of anthems!), “for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three Dioceses,” will begin on the 13th of September next, just at the period which separates the first fortnight of the Reporter's five-weeks' holiday from the last. If the Reporter stands on the top of Mont Blanc, on the 6th, he must make haste down, so that he miss not being in the vale of Gloucester on the 12th; so that he lose not one note of that very exciting rehearsal, which takes place—to the great delight and contentment of the indefatigable (and rehearsal-loving) gentlemen of the orchestra—under the tripresidence of Amott Donesmith, in one of the liveliest of edifices (the Shire Hall), on the Monday evening; so that he escape not a sentence, a word, a letter, of the sermon with which Canon Harvey winds up cathedral-service on the morning of Tuesday; so that, if “Jones in D,” “Boyce in A,” or any-one-you-please “in F,” be included, not one of the sonorous, edifying measures fail to penetrate the soul of the Reporter through the medium of his ravished ear. From the highest peak of Mount White, whence you may kiss Switzerland on the right cheek and Piedmont on the left, sympathising simultaneously with the vigorous freedom of the one and the broken prospects of the other—from the summit of Mount White, (with a full view of Mount Rose), to the base of Gloucester church (with a full view of Mr. Amott), is a leap by no means inviting, however duty may enjoy its speedy accomplishment.

If some novelty set up its claims, there might then be at least a particle of consolation; but that is not the case. The Dettingen “Te Deum,” Tallis's Responses, “Jones in D,” and other equally familiar things, are all most probably included in the Cathedral service which ushers in the Festival; and, with the marvellous performance of Handel's victory-anthem, under Mr. Costa, at the Crystal Palace, fresh in the memory, the Dettingen temptation will not be very great. On Wednesday morning, *Elijah*; on Thursday, the *Mount of Olives*, the *Stabat Mater* (Rossini's, of course), and Spohr's *Last Things*; and, on Friday, the well-known oratorio of *The Messiah*, make up the sum of Cathedral performances. The list of singers is strong, however, including Mad. Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and the flower of our English vocalists, the miscellaneous concerts being strengthened by an attractive foreign party, headed by

Mlle. Tietjens, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Belletti. At Gloucester, too, as at Bradford, we are promised some pianoforte-solos, the pianist being Miss Summerhayes, who, though unknown to London, is well regarded in certain parts of the provinces.

Let us hope at any rate that the charity may benefit by the 136th meeting of the Three Choirs; for it is the charity, and the charity alone that obtains for these *time-honoured* festivals universal consideration and good-will. It is an excellent thing, charity—especially for some cathedral organists.

MR. CIPRIANI POTTER's resignation of the office of Principal in the Royal Academy of Music is an event of far greater importance than the silence which has hitherto been maintained by the public journals with regard to it, implies. We reckon this importance from a retrospect of his administration and its effects; and, arguing from the past, we may indeed suppose that the future will not be uninfluenced by the retirement of a musician who has presided over the education of many of the best artists this country can boast. Mr. Potter's resignation has only been made known by his advertisement some three weeks since, in a daily paper, tendering his acknowledgments to the committee and the professors of the institution, respectively, for their courtesy and their co-operation; and although it is now late to speak first upon the subject, it cannot be too late, since this is not a subject that will quickly pass away, to dilate upon circumstances which should have, and cannot but hold, a permanent place in the memories of all who are interested in the progress of musical art.

The merits of the Academy as an institution have recently been discussed in public by one, who either knew them not, or ignored them—on an occasion when no one was present in possession of the facts that would refute his statement. It is, nevertheless, true that many of the most important positions in the musical profession are at present filled by disciples of that school which has thus been traduced; and a verity which is less openly manifest, but which has perhaps a still more beneficial effect in the development of musical taste all over the country is, that throughout the provinces a large number of pupils of the Academy are unostentatiously labouring in the cause of art, and have, by their superior attainments, immeasurably raised the standard of the qualifications of the English country professor from that which prevailed at the period when the seminary in Tenterden-street was established.

Mr. Potter was one of the original professors in the Academy at its opening in 1823, and was entitled to this appointment by the high esteem, as an artist, in which he was then held. He had acquired from the instructions of Wölfl all that may be taught of the principles of composition and of pianoforte playing; he had matured the knowledge thus attained by further study on the Continent, and had developed his capacities by constant exercise. As one of the first members of the Philharmonic Society, which was founded in 1813, as a frequent conductor and performer at its concerts, and as a contributor, with his compositions, to their programmes, his name is honourably associated with an institution of which the pre-eminent consideration, and even the influence, is not limited to this country. The present purpose is not, however, to record his artistic career, nor to examine his excellence as a conductor, as a pianist, and as a writer; these have been sufficiently proved before

the world, and are sufficiently tested by public opinion. When the Academy opened, Mr. Potter officiated as a professor of the pianoforte, and he has been the master of many a player whose high renown is a testimony to his able teaching; nay, more, he has so successfully promulgated his own sound principles of style and of mechanism, as to have formed a school of pianism of which the pupils of his pupils' pupils derive the benefit.

It was some five years later that Mr. Potter was entrusted with the direction of the orchestral practice of the students. His beneficial services in this department are gratefully remembered by all who were placed under his control; his selection of the works of the great masters for their constant exercise, implanted so sound a knowledge of these inestimable models, that the pupils entered the world with an experience such as many veterans had spent half their lives in obtaining. Further than this, the office gave him opportunities of commenting upon the attempts at composition, more or less meritorious, that were brought up for trial, and the students, who were learning to embody their thoughts in form, thus derived endless advantage from his valuable advice.

On the retirement of Dr. Crotch in the summer of 1832, Mr. Potter succeeded him as Principal of the Academy, and, relinquishing the directorship of the orchestra, became chief professor of composition. The good works he has wrought in this last capacity are inestimable. He it was who first inculcated in England the principles, apart from the abstract routine, of musical construction; and it is not only that his own immediate pupils have acquired these from him, and have done much to raise the musical respectability of the country by their successful application of them, but it is due, in a very high degree, to his having first implanted the seeds of artistic truth, that its fruit is now ripening into such a harvest, that the name of an English composer at the present time stands in credit and esteem in places abroad, and even, far less accessible as they are, at home, where formerly it was—alas! not quite unworthily—despised and rejected. We owe to his teaching the first comprehension in this country of the true spirit of the rules of form, the result of which has been the production of many works of so grand a character as could not have been understood, far less embodied, by musicians of the previous generation.

As Principal of the institution, Mr. Potter's proceedings come less under public scrutiny than in either of the other departments in which he officiated, since, from the peculiar constitution of the establishment, which is governed by a committee of *dilettanti*, and not by educated musicians, it is impossible to know how far his authority has been subject to that of this noble and gentle board—how far his decrees have been controlled by its superior power. Certain is the fact, that he has enjoyed the implicit confidence of the staff of professors, and the universal love and respect of all ranks of students for seven-and-twenty years; and, from the general feeling, of which we have gathered the expression, we have reason to believe that there is no one connected with the institution that has not learned with regret of his retirement.

It would be invidious to cite the names of the pianists and composers who have been members of Mr. Potter's academical classes; but, were we to do so, we should mention but a minority of the Academy students who have profited by his personal influence. Each one of these is the centre of a circle, and each one thus a channel through which this

influence has been extended very far beyond the precincts of the Academy. The prodigious advance music has made in England, during the last third part of a century, is admitted and admired by the most anti-national of our country's detractors; querulous journalists, sceptical conventionalists, and interested egotists, have pretended blindness to the truth which has daily accumulated around them—of which their denial would now be as ridiculous, as it has always been injudicious. It is not inconsiderately that we aver that the main instrument of this advance has been the Royal Academy of Music; and we as confidently believe that the chief mover of the engine has been he who now retires from office, with the glory of having done more than perhaps any other man towards the raising of an artistic character to his native country. What Paer and Cherubini did, and Auber still does, for the Conservatoire in Paris, may be, with more or less propriety, compared with the exertions of the Principal of our national music-school; but in making such a parallel we must not overlook the supreme discretion confided to the French director, neither that the institution he controls is supported by a government subvention; it is also to be borne in mind that countless external circumstances have acted and act upon the musical character of France, wholly independent of the Parisian school. Here, there is not only to contend with the less favourable constitution of the Academy, but with the state of public feeling and public taste; and, with due regard to these difficulties, every candid censor will award the highest praise for the discharge of his duties to Mr. Cipriani Potter.

G. A. M.

Good bye, Messrs. Robson and Emden, for a month or so. As your holiday is short, so may it be pleasant, and endow you with fresh vigour for the continuance of your honourable labours.

We are informed that the second season of your management has proved even more prosperous than the first, which is saying a great deal; and that, having found the Olympic Theatre in good working condition, you have kept the wheels and springs of the machine in excellent repair, so that, instead of deteriorating by wear and tear, they have improved under your vigilance.

Models are ye of managerial prudence and discretion, Messrs. Emden and Robson, and the reward you have received during the season, which terminated last night, has been no greater than your deserts. Before you commenced operations, you clearly ascertained what you could do well,—you sharply defined the sphere of action to which you could direct your energies, and, though you made a slight mistake at starting, you lost no time in correcting the little blunder. You had resolved that you would either be broadly funny (of course, without vulgarity), genteelly comic, or humorously pathetic, but the tempter lured you to try your hands at the terrible, and folk were not frightened. And what did you then, Messrs. Robson and Emden? You did not tear your hair, or execrate the taste of the public, but, like good men and pious, you blessed the gods for proving that the old plan you had deliberately laid down was the right one. Therefore you confined yourselves to the broadly funny and the genteelly comic, and the humorously pathetic, and well have you thriven, Messrs. Emden and Robson.

Nor has your execution been in the slightest degree unworthy of your design. In fact, you rendered all discrepancy of this kind impossible, save in the way of accident, for you asked yourselves what you *could* do, before you

decided what you *would* do. You have gathered under your banners a company admirably suited for your purpose, and although, Robson, thou art thyself a Triton, thou art not content to be prominent among minnows. How have Messrs. Addison and H. Wigan matured under your wholesome government, till the world acknowledges them as first-rate artists of their kind! With what queenly dignity does Mrs. Stirling rule the genteelly comic department, and how harmoniously do Mr. G. Vinning, Mr. G. Cooke, Mrs. Emden, Miss Wyndham, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Hughes, direct their energies to the common good. The scenes too—capital! The old Vestris' spirit, that converted the Olympic stage into a drawing-room, has descended upon the present management.

That Mr. Robson is one of the most extraordinary geniuses of the day all the play-goers in London are well aware; but they must be told not to undervalue the less conspicuous merits of Mr. Emden, who has more to do with the admirable *mise-en-scène* and perfect stage-business of the establishment than is universally known.

Patrons of men of letters have always been well treated by historians—sometimes, indeed, at the expense of justice; witness the very respectable figure made by those sad scamps, the Medici. As patrons of living dramatists, Messrs. Robson and Emden stand high among London managers, and they have no fault that requires to be passed over. Literary trumpeters may therefore sound forth the fame of Messrs. Emden and Robson with a full blast and a clear conscience.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

QUACK! QUACK!

DEAR SIR,—If Thomas Lloyde Fowle, Mus. Doc. (?) had been a wise man, he would have quietly eaten his leek in peace. But no; like a certain stubborn creature, he rushes backwards, and, as a natural consequence, jumps from the "frying-pan into the fire."

Now, Mr. Editor, what right has Mr. Fowle to thrust himself upon the musical profession in this way? Has he a right by eminence as a musician? Has he a right, by endeavouring to get rid of his own productions, in presenting a copy of Handel's *Messiah* with a "portrait," &c., to his subscribers, and thus, like "Paddy," to pass the bad coin between the good ones?

Do, Mr. Editor, put an end to all this puffing, and take my word for it—the musical profession will thank you.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
OBOE THE ORIGINAL.

OBOE OR NOT OBOE.

Sir,—I am not the "Oboe" which Dr. Fowle imagines me to be, I know nothing of him, and I am sure he knows nothing of me.

As yours is a well-appointed orchestra, I suppose you employ two "Oboes."
I remain, Sir, yours obliged,
OBOE.

LEEDS.—A performance on the grand organ of the Town Hall was given by Mr. Spark, on Saturday evening last, in presence of a crowded assembly. Ten pieces were executed, and three unanimously redemanded. The encores were, the overture to *Zampa*, the Dead March in *Saul*, and the grand Coronation March from the *Prophète*.

EMS.—M. Wieniawski and Signor Piatti are about to give a series of concerts at this fashionable resort. The former has been appointed *maitre de concert* at St. Petersburg. Signor Piatti has not been heard in any of the principal towns of Germany, excepting Vienna.

ERRATUM.—The heading "Melbourne" having been unintentionally omitted in a paragraph about the Argyll Rooms, which appeared in our last number, at page 521, leaves the reader to suppose that the "Rooms" near the Haymarket were alluded to. The prefix of the name of the Australian city will rectify the mistake.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

THE season opened on the 2nd of April, somewhat earlier than usual of late years at the Italian Operas, with *Il Trovatore*, introducing a new *prima donna* of continental reputation, Madlle. Lotti della Santa, in Leonora, and Signor Debassini, a barytone new to the Royal Italian Opera boards, but remembered some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, in Conte di Luna. The lady was unfortunate in the choice of one of Grisi's finest parts for her first essay, and did not create a great sensation. Abstractedly considered Madlle. Lotti had a powerful voice and of fine quality, but she did not execute with ease and facility. Something, however, as it subsequently turned out, was to be attributed to nervousness. We may at once state that the Leonora of Madlle. Lotti was her least effective assumption. Every subsequent performance placed her in a more favorable light with the public. Signor Debassini was not so young, nor was his voice of such good quality, as when he first came to this country, some six or seven years ago. A capital artist, nevertheless, he filled the part of the Conte di Luna admirably, and, if he did not sing the music so effectively as his predecessor, Signor Graziani—who was placed between two legal fires from the operatic managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and was obliged to steer clear of both—he acted much better. Signor Neri-Baraldi, a very respectable singer, but by no means adequate to sustain first parts in an establishment like the Royal Italian Opera, appeared in the character of Manrico, heretofore entrusted to Mario and Tamberlik. Madame Nantier-Didiée and Signor Tagliafico sustained their old parts of Azucena and Fernando. The opening performance, it may be surmised, did not lead to the loftiest expectations. The opera of *Il Trovatore*, nevertheless, was well received. The band was as magnificent as ever; Mr. Costa occupied his curule chair in the orchestra; the chorus was excellent; and the subordinate parts were unexceptionable.

Il Trovatore was given twice, and was succeeded by the *Sonnambula*, in which Madlle. Calderon, a singer altogether unknown to fame in this country, made her first appearance on the English stage as Amina, Signor Gardoni sustaining the part of Elvino, and Signor Debassini that of Count Rodolpho. Madlle. Calderon had no pretensions to undertake the range of characters ordinarily allotted to a *prima donna*, and was only heard of once more in the course of the season. The Royal Italian Opera so far had commenced somewhat un auspiciously. Madlle. Lotti had created no sensible effect, and Madlle. Calderon was pronounced a comparative failure. It had been well, nevertheless, for the establishment and the subscribers, if this had been the utmost cause for regret. The death of Mad. Bosio came like a thunder-clap on the musical public, and filled with consternation all who were concerned in the interests of the theatre. What was to be done? Who could supply her place? Would Meyerbeer allow his new opera to be performed without the principal singer, for whom he had stipulated? Was it possible to cut off from the repertory with impunity the operas of the *Barbieri*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Martha*, *Rigoletto*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Traviata*, to say nothing of *Conte Ory*, *Mitilda di Shabran*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, named especially in the prospectus, and intended to be revived for Madame Bosio? Mr. Gye flew to Paris and engaged Madame Penco, who, if not a Bosio, was, perhaps, the best substitute he could find at the moment. Madame Penco, however, refused to undertake the part of Dinorah in Meyerbeer's new opera. Mr. Gye engaged her, nevertheless, and her engagement proved satisfactory in the end. Between Mesdames Penco and Lotti the *répertoire* of Madame Bosio was tolerably well supported throughout the season, with the exception of the characters of Rosina in the *Barbieri*, and Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, neither Rossini's opera nor Auber's having been performed once during the season. The non-performance of the *Barbieri* was, indeed, unprecedented in the history of the Royal Italian Opera, that favourite work having never failed heretofore to constitute one of the greatest treats of the season, more particularly with Mario as the Count, and Ronconi as Figaro. It would have been

hazardous, doubtless, to entrust the part of Rosina to either Madlle. Lotti or Madame Penco. But Madame Nantier-Didiée had proved acceptable in the character in Paris, and why not have given that lady a chance here? The same cause, in all probability, prevented the management from giving *Fra Diavolo*, which, however, we think, might have been produced with less chance of failure, at least in one of the principal characters, than the *Barbieri*. The withdrawal of these two operas, moreover, was a grievance for Ronconi, who thereby was precluded from appearing in two of his most admirable impersonations, Figaro and Lord Allcash. Better far, we are assured, to have given both the *Barbieri* and *Fra Diavolo* than to revive the *Gazza Ladra*, in which scarcely any of the artists had music to suit them.

On Tuesday, April 12, *Maria di Rohan* was produced for the first appearance of Ronconi, who, however, was unable to perform from indisposition, and the part of the Duke of Chevreuse was undertaken, "at a short notice," by Signor Debassini. Madlle. Lotti had not tragic force sufficient for the heroine, but pleased by her singing. Madame Nantier-Didiée sustained her old part of Armando di Gondi, and Signor Neri Baraldi essayed the character of Enrico. The opera did not create an extraordinary sensation. On Thursday it was repeated, with Ronconi as the Duke, one of the grandest and most masterly performances of the modern stage. The great artist produced a powerful impression.

La Gazza Ladra was revived on Tuesday, the 26th, and proved one of the most attractive operas of the season. We confess we could not see the reasons for the attraction. Madlle. Lotti's Ninetta was far from irreproachable, and Signor Debassini could not execute the music, which was too florid for him. Ronconi, although he found the music too low, was wonderfully comic in the Podesta; and Madame Nantier-Didiée and Signor Gardoni, if not up to the highest mark, acquitted themselves in the parts of Pippo and Gianetto with much credit. The overture was the great hit of the performance, and many, who cared nothing for the opera, went to hear that alone. The alterations in the score were almost as reckless, if not so fatal as those in *Don Giovanni*. Nearly the whole of the finale to the second act had to be cut to suit Signor Debassini, who could not master the florid passages. Fortunately the audience did not know this, or did not care; the *Gazza Ladra* proved a real success, and the performance was lauded to the skies by some of the critics.

Mario made his first appearance on the 2nd of May, in *Rigoletto*, with Madlle. Lotti as Gilda. Madlle. Lotti surprised everybody in one of Madame Bosio's most exacting and trying parts, by the excellence of her singing and the energy of her acting. All the sins committed in Leonora, Maria, and Ninetta, were forgiven, and the new singer was incontinently received into public favour. Mario was as incomparable as ever in the Duke, and Ronconi's *Rigoletto* had lost nothing of its intensity and terrible earnestness. Grisi, on the Tuesday following, made her *réentrée* in the *Huguenots*, the performance of which, with an occasional falling off in the chorus from want of rehearsals, betokened all the completeness and splendour of former years. Madlle. Marai performed the part of Marguerite di Valois.

Madame Rosina Penco made her first appearance in this country, on Tuesday, the 17th, as Violetta, in *La Traviata*. A very clever singer, and an actress of no ordinary intelligence were evidenced. The fair *débütante*, nevertheless, did not take entire hold of the public, until she appeared as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, an admirable performance in every way, and indebted in nothing to any of her predecessors. Without possessing a superior voice, or being a finished singer, Madame Penco has so many fine qualities, that she could not fail to become a great acquisition to the Royal Italian Opera. As Elvira in *I Puritani*, which she subsequently played with Signor Gardoni (Arturo), Signor Graziani (Riccardo), and Signor Ronconi (Georgio), her serious powers were manifested in an unmistakable manner.

Il Don Giovanni was one of the most successful achievements of the season. The cast, with the exception of Madame

Penco being substituted for Madame Bosio, in Zerlina, was the same as last year. On many previous occasions we have exhausted all we had to say about Signor Alary's concoction, and Mario's performance of the hero, which, we feel confident, Signor Alary has done his best to spoil, and shall only state further, that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance in Don Ottavio, singing and acting as finely as ever. *I Puritani*, on the other hand, notwithstanding the excellent performance of Madame Penco, and the inimitable acting of Ronconi as the old Puritan, was no success at all.

Of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, and *Otello*, produced for Grisi, the first with Mario and Ronconi, the last two with Tamberlik, nothing new can or need be said. Rossini's opera was most welcome to the connoisseurs, but, we are sorry to say, was not greatly fancied by the general public. The singing and acting in the last scene—one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the composer—on the part of Grisi and Tamberlik, was entirely worthy of the music. The grand duet, "Non m'inganni," by Tamberlik and Ronconi, created the old furor.

Martha was performed on Tuesday, May 31st, with Mdle. Lotti as Lady Euri-chetta, Signor Graziani, won at last from the "enemy over the way," resuming his old part of Plunkett. The gentleman met with a very equivocal reception, the audience being evidently restrained by their sense of decorum only from visiting the unfortunate popular barytone with strong marks of their displeasure. The composure of the singer, however, and his seeming utter indifference to what was passing in front of the footlights, appeased his opponents, and converted hostility into toleration. Mdle. Lotti made another hit in Lady Euri-chetta, singing all the music well; "The last rose of summer" charmingly. Mario's Lionel was as enchanting as ever; and Madame Nantier-Didié's Nancy as full of spirit and character. *Martha*, nevertheless, did not prove eminently attractive.

Mercadante's *Giuramento*, promised in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera any time these five years, was brought out on Saturday, July 9th, with Grisi, Mario, Madame Nantier-Didié, and Signor Debassini in the principal parts. Its failure was so signal that we do not feel called upon to say a word about the performance. Doubtless no success was anticipated, as the management went to little expense in the getting up. The reception awarded to the opera at Drury Lane, a few days previously, must have led to no very sanguine expectations. *Il Giuramento* was performed once, and that one performance, in all likelihood, has sealed its fate for ever in this country.

A solitary performance of *Il Trovatore*, with its powerful cast of the last few seasons—Leonora, Grisi; Azucena, Mad. Nantier-Didier; Manrico, Mario; Conte di Luna, Sig. Graziani; and Fernando, Sig. Tagliafico—was given on Tuesday, July 19, and constituted the last appearance this season of Mario and Grisi. The six performances of *Dinorah* occupied the remainder of the season; and thus we bring our *résumé* to a close, having already said all we had to say about Meyerbeer's new opera.

The terpsichorean performances of the Royal Italian Opera have, as usual, aimed at very little during the past season. No one looks for grand ballets of action at that establishment. Simple *divertissements* to eke out the evening's entertainments are all that are given or expected. Unpretending choregraphic displays, nevertheless, may be done well or ill; and the policy of the Royal Italian Opera has been, it must be conceded, to do them as well as possible. The *corps-de-ballet* of Covent Garden, during the past two seasons, has had one first-rate danseuse at its head, Mdle. Zina Richard, while M. Desplaces is, as everybody knows, or should know, a most excellent ballet-master. These two, with tolerable subordinates, not to mention one or two secondary luminaries, have been found sufficient for all requirements and contingencies, even when grand French operas have been put upon the stage.

The past season has been pronounced the most successful for many years. This would look like an anomaly. *A priori*, almost every possible difficulty presented itself to success. The death of Madame Bosio would imply a blow from which the Royal Italian Opera could not recover for years. The dissolution of Parliament in the very heart of the season would natu-

rally seem fatal; while the war in Italy must have had a most depressing influence on the desire for out-of-door enjoyments in London. What to set against this we know not, unless it be the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre, which no doubt helped to swell the coffers of the Covent Garden treasury. The Handel Festival, too, and the extreme fineness of the season, achieved something for the prosperity of the theatre; and the new opera of Meyerbeer kept alive excitement, and terminated the season with brilliant *éclat*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Augustus Manns, the director of the band, took a benefit on Saturday week, and provided a capital bill of fare. The instrumental pieces were Mendelssohn's A major symphony, Leopold de Meyer's *Marche Triomphale d'Isly*, and Beethoven's Battle Symphony. The band also accompanied Miss Arabella Goddard in Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brilliant*. The vocalists were Mesdames Weiss and Louisa Vinning, Mdle. Artot, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. We have heard better singing, and in only one instance could we award the palm of excellence to any of the performers—namely, to Mr. Sims Reeves in "Love sounds the alarm," from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. Mdle. Artot—who seems to have taken the unthinking public wonderfully—made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and sang "Una voce" and Rode's "Air and Variations." Of the former we have already spoken. Rode's "Air and Variations" was an over-emphasised and elaborated version of what we have been accustomed to consider a straightforward and legitimate *morceau de bravoure*. The first variation was scarcely to be recognised in its new embroidery and the peculiar management of the *tempi*. The *arpeggios* in the last variation might be tolerated, were it not for the uncouth and ill-delivered *cadenza* with which it was concluded. The applause of the audience, nevertheless, was vehement—such is difference of opinion—and Mdle. Artot was recalled on her retirement from the platform. In addition to "Love sounds the alarm," splendidly sung, Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a new ballad, "Forgotten all," composed by Herr Francesco Berger, which created no effect. The Irish ballad, "The last rose of summer" and the Scotch (not Irish) ballad, "Oft in the stilly night," were both ill-suited to Miss Louisa Vinning and Madame Weiss. Neither of these ladies possesses to perfection the secret of singing simple ballads. How many of our English vocalists do?

Miss Arabella Goddard, besides Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brilliant*, played Mr. Benedict's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks," and was rapturously applauded, as she was in her first performance. The fair pianist might have been better accompanied in Mendelssohn's piece. Mdle. Sophie Humler exhibited twice on the violin. Once would have sufficed. The fair fiddler has decided talent, but it is not of that kind which will admit of obtrusiveness. Moreover, Mdle. Sophie Humler attempts too much. A violin player may show to infinite advantage in a moderate fantasia by Alard, and yet fiddle very small when attempting Ernst's "Thèmes Allemands." Herr Louis Engel executed on the Harmonium his own fantasia on airs from *Robert le Diable* in a masterly manner.

The directors no doubt are determined to keep up the Saturday Concerts while the fine weather lasts—to make hay while the sun shines. Although the opera birds have fled, and Grisi, Guarducci, Piccolomini and Titienses are not to be had in this dull season for love or money, London contains other attractions, and Mr. Manns knows it, if he does not always make use of them. The attractive names, last Saturday, were Madame Anna Bishop and Mdle. Artot, vocalists, and M. Duhem, the celebrated cornet-player, instrumentalist. Mdle. Sophie Humler also played, and a Signor Oliva, tenor from the Theatre Royal Florence, made his first appearance in England. The selection was of the same calibre as that of the preceding Saturday, and offered nothing new, excepting a Neapolitan air, sung by Signor Oliva, which was not acceptable. Setting aside this last item in the selection, all the vocal pieces were old friends. Madame Anna Bishop sang the cavatina "Com'è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*; Sir Henry Bishop's song, "Lo! here the gentle lark;" and Lavenue's (not "Larence's," as

printed in the books) ballad, "On the banks of Guadalquivir." Madame Bishop gave the cavatina from Donizetti's opera with great fluency and brilliancy; trilled through the song of the lark with perfect mastery of voice; and sang the ballad with the utmost taste and expression. Madlle. Artot introduced the air from the *Prophète* "Ah, mon fils," and, by particular desire (1), Rode's "Air and variations." Meyerbeer's air had some good points. The opening was given with excellent voice, and an expression all but irreproachable. The burst upon the words—

"Ah! mon fils, que vers le ciel
S'élève ma prière."

failed the artist's from essaying what was beyond her power. Rode's air produced even a greater effect than on the Saturday previous, and was encored with acclamations, the uncouth cadence seeming to hit the fancy of the majority more than before. Mdle. Artot complied with the encore, but consulted her own wishes in preference to that of her auditors, and sang the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* in place of what was demanded, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. Novelty, doubtless, is a great matter, and the original style in which Mdle. Artot gave the air "Il segreto per esser felice," which Alboni always made us consider so simple and unpretending, must have been its principal recommendation. Mdle. Artot is fond of winding up her performances with uncouth cadences, but anything more uncouth than the concluding flourish she gave to Donizetti's *ballata* we never heard. The audience, however, were again delighted, and applauded the uncouth cadence vociferously. We have been critical thus far with Mdle. Artot, because, with her means and talents, the faults we have pointed out are inexcusable. Every thing she attempts is exaggerated and partakes of a vicious style. Is this to be attributed to bad teaching, or to a certain obliquity of mind? Signor Oliva is not destined to set Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, nor Drury Lane on fire. He may be placed two degrees above Signors Soldi and Mercuriali, and allowed to take rank with Signor Corsi, of Drury Lane notoriety. He sang in a hard, inexpressive voice, Lionel's air from *Martha*, "M'appari tutte amor," and the Neapolitan air alluded to above.

Mdle. Sophie Humler performed Vieuxtemp's fantasia for violin, on airs from the *Figlia del Reggimento*, and M. Duhem a solo of his own composition on the cornet. The latter, introducing "The last rose of summer," and playing exquisitely, was loudly applauded. The band executed Haydn's symphony, in D major; the *scherso* from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Meyerbeer's "Marche aux Flambeaux"; and Beethoven's "Battle Symphony." Mendelssohn's *scherso* might have been taken faster, and the "Battle Symphony"—even though Mr. Manns' orchestra was reinforced by the band of the Royal Marines—would admit of a more powerful body of instrumentalists.

On Wednesday, a choral performance of madrigals, part-songs, glees, choruses, &c., by the Vocal Association, took place under the direction of Mr. Benedict. It being a "shilling-day" there were more than ten thousand people present. Two pieces were encored, namely, "The last rose of summer," arranged as a part-song, by Mr. G. W. Martin, and Sir Henry Bishop's glee, "Sleep, gentle lady." The grand prayer from *Masaniello*, "Hear, holy saint!" Haydn's hymn, "To thee, O Lord," and D. C. Læwe's chorus, "Salvum fac Regem," taxed the powers and abilities of the members of the Vocal Association to the utmost. The choral selection was varied by performances on the organ, by Mr. E. J. Coward. The orchestral band of the Company played at half-past twelve, in the concert-room, and the band of the Royal Marines in the grounds, after the concert. There was also a display of the upper series of fountains, so that no variety was wanting to the entertainments.

This day, Mr. Sims Reeves gives a concert on his own account, in which he will be assisted by Mrs. Sims Reeves—her first appearance since her recent serious indisposition—Mdle. Artot, and Sig. Belletti. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing "Come into the garden, Maud," "Sound an alarm," from *Judas Maccabæus*, and the duet, "Da quel di," with Mrs. Sims Reeves.

SURREY GARDENS.—Madame Anna Bishop gave a concert on Monday evening, in the Surrey Music Hall, being, as alleged, her farewell appearance in London prior to her departure for America. Our first-class English vocalists are not so numerous that this highly talented artist can be spared from our concert-rooms. In a certain style of music Madame Bishop is not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, by our most accomplished native sopranos. An admirable musician, and a complete mistress of her means, she is only wanting in a little more power to enable her to take her position in the very first ranks. Madame Bishop's immediate intention in coming to England, we understand, was to appear on the stage in those parts in which, during the last seven or eight years, she obtained so large a share of celebrity in the United States, South America, and the Australasian continent. Unfortunately, the lady came at a bad time—the end of the winter season—when there could be no chance of getting up a series of operatic performances, were any manager so inclined, even with the services of so excellent a *prima donna* available; and it was not to be imagined that Miss Louisa Pyne would divide with Madame Bishop—even did the opportunity occur—the post of "first lady absolute" of the Royal English Opera. The temptations at the other side of the Atlantic have proved too powerful, and Madame Bishop, after a tour in the provinces, leaves England for the Western Continent, no doubt to renew the triumphs of the past.

The concert of Monday evening demands no particular notice. The selection was of the usual miscellaneous kind, the accomplished *beneficiaire* introducing several of her most popular bravura songs and ballads. One thing, however, is worthy of especial note, as indicating how amenable and tractable the mob may be made when submitted to the governance of public opinion. Although the hall was filled, and the audience obstreperous in their applause and judgments, in every instance where an encore was not complied with, no attempt was offered to enforce it. Madame Bishop, according to the received formulas, was encored in everything she sang. She merely came forward and bowed, and the mob was satisfied. So much good has Mr. Sims Reeves effected by his resolution in a righteous cause.

The singers with Madame Anna Bishop were Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Weiss, Miss Laura Baxter, Miss Louisa Vinning, Madame Rosina Pico, Messrs. George Perren, Weiss, Seymour, Bartleman, and Signor Belletti; the solo instrumentalists, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, harpist; Master Drew Dean, the juvenile flautist; and Mr. Victor Buziau, self-styled "the modern Paganini." A band of sixty performers was provided, and Herr Schallehn, Signor Randegger, and Mr. George Loder officiated as conductors. Madame Bishop's share of the programme comprised the air, "Lo! here the gentle lark;" new Scotch ballad, "Take back the ring, Jamie," composed expressly for her by Mr. Stephen C. Massett; and, with Madame Rosina Pico, a duet from Donizetti's *Maria Padilla*.

The entertainments, as may be imagined, did not stop with the music. The open-air amusements were numerous, among which we may mention a grand double pyrotechnic display on the Fairy Lake, immediately after the concert; a grand balloon ascent—everything is "grand" at the Royal Surrey Gardens; the whole terminating with a grand ball in the grand Salle de Danse, and on the grand sylvan platform in the gardens. There were also a military band, boating on the lake, the mystic grotto, the "gigantic picture" of the mystic mountains, "with," as the bills inform us, "Apollo borne by nymphs to the halls of Æolian sounds," &c., &c.

About six thousand persons were present.

PARIS.—A new comic opera in one act, entitled *Le Rosier*, words by M. Angustine Chalmel, music by M. Henri Potier, has had a success at the Opéra-Comique. M. Henri Potier had already, on several occasions, made his name familiar to the frequenters of the Opéra-Comique, more especially in the work, *Il Signor Pascarello*. The music of *Le Rosier* is light and without the least pretence. The *libretto*, though by no means devoid of interest, is not suited to comic music, and the composer had some difficulty to contend against. Two

new singers appeared for the first time—M. Ambroise and Mdle. Marietta Guerra. The lady was so frightened that no opinion whatever could be entertained of her. The gentleman was well received, and promises to become an acquisition. The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* contradicts the report that M. Calzado has engaged Signor Giuglini for the approaching season at the Italiens. Signor Gardoni is numbered among the new *troupe*, and Signor Morini, favourably known at the theatre of Marseilles and Bordeaux. On Monday last gratuitous representations were given at the Grand-Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, and the principal theatres of Paris, as well as the Cirque Napoléon, the Cirque de l'Impératrice, and the Hippodrome, in honour of the establishment of peace between Austria and France.

THE TOMB OF DONIZETTI.

(From the *New York Evening Post*.)

BERGAMO lies in the north central part of Lombardy, and is about thirty miles east of Como and twenty-nine miles north-east of Milan. Its position is peculiar, the old town being situated on the top and sides of a steep, rocky hill, a foremost wave of the great Alpine billows that here meet the level expanse of Lombardy. On the plain beneath, and in a situation openly exposed to the attack of any hostile force, is the newer and larger part of the town, which, with its wide curving streets, its lively market place, and the spacious and commodious railroad station recently erected, exhibits a life and enterprise not often seen in Italian towns.

A long, neatly kept and carefully graded road leads up to the old town, and, passing beneath a frowning arch, the visitor finds himself upon the bastions, which, at present, lined with noble poplar and other trees, whose rich foliage cast a refreshing shade over the wide walk, form the chief promenade of the Bergamese. Another pull up a winding street, with grass growing between the crevices of the stones, brings him into the old town.

The change is very striking. Up here all is as quiet and antique as below it is bustling and modern. There are old houses of six and eight stories, clinging, as if with desperation, to the very edge of the rocky hill on which the city is crowded, their windows opening upon deep precipices that make one shudder to peer down. There are old gateways, quaint, narrow streets, with many grim old mansions of the middle ages, and with a few little shops that ought to have existed at that period, but certainly have no reasonable claim for existing now. The very people seem changed,—the women adorn their heads with gigantic caps of incomprehensible shapes, while the men hobble slowly about in preposterous wooden clogs, their heavy footfalls re-echoing through the narrow avenues.

Near the centre of the city, and on the very summit of the hill, is the Cathedral, a large Gothic structure, irregular in form and by no means harmonious in detail, but presenting many features of architectural and artistic interest. It was originally a church of the early Arians, has several times been restored, and last in the middle of the seventeenth century. While it contains several monuments attractive to the antiquarians, there are none that interest the general tourist more than that erected some four years ago to the memory of Donizetti, who was born and died in Bergamo. The gifted composer of *Lucrezia, Lucia, Favorita, l'Elisir, Martiri*, and many other operas so popular here, and all over the civilised world, is buried in this cathedral. The monument erected by his surviving brothers bears a simple yet touching expression, which may be lamely thus rendered in English: "To Gaetano Donizetti, the fertile composer of sacred and secular melodies, this monument was raised with affectionate memory by his brothers Giuseppe and Francesco;"—certainly a modest tribute to one of the greatest of modern musicians, and one whose sweet melodies are sung in almost every land. The monument is an ingenious and elegant, though not a great, work of art. The principal figure is that of a female, whose long, waving hair is flowing loosely over her shoulders, while a circlet of stars serves as a coronet. Her head droops as in sorrow, while her hand falls idly on a broken lyre. There is a group of cherubs quaintly expressing their grief by breaking their little harps, and a medallion portrait of the composer surrounded by scrolls inscribed with the names of his most popular operas.

It is known that he deeply loved his native place, as well he might, and when his mind failed, and the teeming brain that had produced so much and so beautiful music was crazed, he wished to be brought back to his home. They bore him, by easy stages, from Paris to his Lombard city near the Alps. He lived but a short time after entering its precincts, and one spring morning in 1848 the Bergamese people gathered in the cathedral to attend the mass sung for the repose of the soul of Gaetano Donizetti.

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But be good as thou art fair.
Oh thou lovely, thou benign,
Wert thou mine, wert thou mine,
Wert thou mine, wert thou mine,
In that little heart of thine
I would dwell for evermore
Singly nestled at the core.
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